

How Dark is My Light?

by Jaya

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Summary: Jessica is convinced she is followed by Death. This is her story/ramblings.

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Title: How Dark is My Light?

>Author: Jaya
Distribution: ask and I will let you...maybe

>Rating: PG
Disclaimer: The concept of the Night World belongs to L.J Smith so does Blaise and Grandmother Harman, Jessica and Aunt Rose belong to me.

>Feedback: is the foundation of my universe. At:

jaceyl11@yahoo.com
Summary: Jessica is convinced she is followed by Death. This is her story/ramblings.

>Note: Contains the ramblings of a seriously unbalanced witch, anyone uncomfortable with suicide should go away now.

>
HOW DARK IS MY LIGHT?

>

>
I was at my Aunts house for the Summer.

>
Mummy and Daddy always went on business trips in Summer.

>
I always hated it.

>
I would sit in my room wishing Mummy and Daddy would come back soon and take me away from Mean Auntie Rose (or MAR for short.) But they never did.

>
As I got older, she wished that Mummy and Daddy would come home or die for all I cared.

>
Or die.

>
Then the accident happened. The maid ran in at dinner time and fetched MAR. This had never happened before.

>
Rose ran out with her hand over her mouth, then babbled into the phone, hung up, grabbed her coat and ran out in the pouring rain.

>
She came back later and grabbed me and hugged me hard, she just kept repeating,

>"Oh my God, I'm so sorry, so, so sorry Jessica."

>"What's wrong Aunt Rose?" I asked worried, MAR had never cried in front of me before.

>"Your parents.....died in a car crash, I....I.....Had to go and identify the bodies at the morgue." Her lower lip trembled.

>I started to cry. This was all my fault.

>All my fault.

>I had wished they were dead, and now they were.

>My parents are dead and there's nothing to do about it.

>They're dead.

>And now nothing's ever going to be all right ever again.

>*

>Auntie Rose has sent me to live with Grandmother Harman. Mama said Grandma Harman, her mother is a witch. Like me.

>Auntie Rose thinks I'm mentally unbalanced.

>I don't think she's at all right.

>Lots of strange people come into Grandmothers shop.

>I call them strange because they are not all witches. Some are shape-shifters or Vampires like Auntie Rose.

>They all look at me strangely, I think they know I killed my parents.

>I feel all scrunched up when they look at me.

>It hurts, Oh Goddess it hurts!

>I wish, I wish I'd never made that wish.

>Because now my life has changed.

>* *

>NO! Goddess, Grandmother's DEAD!

>What is it about me that makes people die all the time.

>Grandma would never have died if I hadn't brought the stench of death with me.

>Goddess, help me I kill people with my presence, with my very PRESENCE!

>Maybe I should go away.

>Blaise is running the shop now. She said she needed me here.

>But what if I kill her too?

>What if I kill more people.

>If...If I killed myself people wouldn't be dying like they are.

>It's me! All me!

>Why did it have to Grandmother Harman?

>We NEED her, the Millennium will soon be here, and Circle Daybreak isn't ready.

>So not ready.

>I will leave, then Blaise and everyone else will be safe.

>So safe.

>Auntie Rose has been writing to me again.

>She can't see the deaths on my hands.

>Oh, she thinks I'm mentally disturbed.

>Insane!

>Me? Insane?

>Of course not.

>* * *

>I'll make everything better.

>Soon I will leave this plain and go to Hell.

>That's where all the bad, bad people go right?

>All the murderers like me?

>I'll slit my wrists or hang myself.

>Wait, a boy my age, about seventeen is running towards me.

>He speaks but I can't hear.

>I hear but can't understand.

>He runs and my body locks in a defensive stance.

>Get out of the way I want to yell.

>But my witchfire has erratically started and nothing will stop
it.

>Then I'm falling, falling.

>Falling.

>Will nothing break my fall?

>I hit the ground.

>I can see the boy staring at me in shock.

>Talking but still I cannot hear, much less comprehend.

>And as I die I lie still and wonder,

>How dark was my light?

>*****

>Comment? Feedback? Praise? Review? Please.
Jaya
> <p><p>

End
file.